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Mother Goose

Mother Goose in silhouettes

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Mother Goose

In Silhouettes
Cut by
Katharine G. Buffum

Boston and New York
Houghton Mifflin Company

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Mother Goose in Silhouettes

Mother Goose in Silhouettes

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey;
When along came a spider
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Jack jump over the candlestick.

Peter, Peter,
Pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife and could n't keep her;
Put her in a pumpkin-shell,
And there he kept her very well.

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.

Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Mary, Mary,
Quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells,
And cockle-shells,
And pretty maids all of a row.

There was an old woman tossed up
in a basket,
Ninety times as high as the moon;
And where she was going I could n't
but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.
"Old woman, old woman, old woman,"
quoth I,
"Whither, O whither, O whither, so
high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs off the sky!"
"Shall I go with you?" "Aye, by-
and-by."

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And does n't know where to find them.

Leave them alone, and they 'll come home,
Bringing their tails behind them.

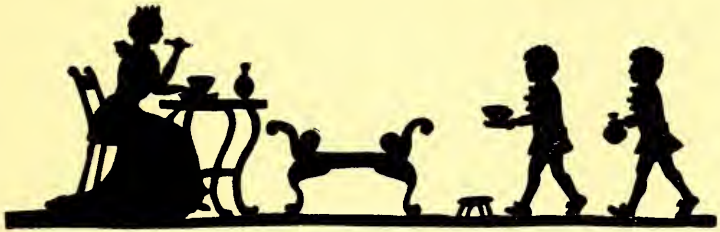
Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so betwixt them both, you see,
They licked the platter clean.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

Sing a song of sixpence
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing:
"Was n't that a dainty dish
To set before a king!"

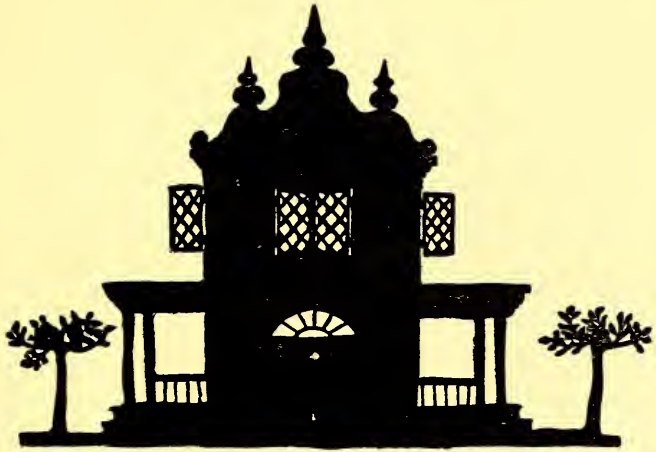
The king was in the counting-house,
Counting out his money;

The queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey;



The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
When along came a blackbird
And nipped off her nose.

This is the house that Jack built.



This is the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

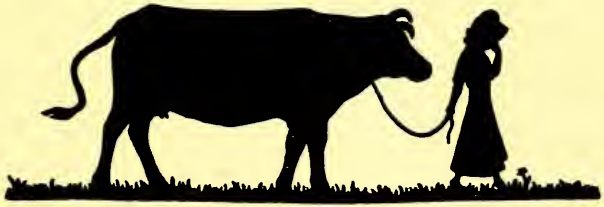
MALT

This is the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built

This is the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled
horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled
horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn
That married the man all tattered and
torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled
horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn
That married the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled
horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.
She gave them some broth without any bread;
She whipped them all soundly and put them to bed.

This little pig went to market.

This little pig stayed at home.

This little pig had roast beef,

This little pig had none.

This little pig cried "Wee, wee, wee"
all the way home.

My little wife and I fell out,
And I'll tell you what it was all about;
She had money and I had none,
And that's the way the trouble begun.

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

When I was a little boy I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I put upon the shelf;
The rats and the mice did lead me such a life,
I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife.
The houses were so high, and the lanes were so narrow,
I could not get my wife home without a wheelbarrow;

The wheelbarrow broke, my wife got a
fall,
Down tumbled wheelbarrow, little wife,
and all.

A little cock sparrow sat on a green tree
And chirruped and chirruped, so merry was he,
When along came a boy with a small bow and arrow,
Determined to shoot the little cock sparrow.
"That little cock sparrow will make a nice stew,
And his giblets will make a nice little pie, too."

"Oh, no," said the sparrow, "I won't make a stew."

So he flapped his wings and away he flew.

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
If the bowl had been stronger,
My story had been longer.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

Little boy blue, come blow your horn;
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's
in the corn.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale,

But all the water that he had
Was in his mother's pail.

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a bramble bush
And scratched out both his eyes.
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again.